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most commonly the victims of dyspepsia must look beyond the qualities of the *ingesta*, if they mean to recover their health and natural powers. To come nearer to the fact, defect of exercise, we believe, and the absence of sufficient exposure to the breath of heaven, are the causes that usually constitute the first links in the chain of phenomena. Those who live much in the open air, and make a daily use of their limbs, have rarely need of the doctor to keep their stomachs in order; but sedentary habits and close rooms have become the inseparable concomitants of modern life; and the greater mass of mankind, tied and bound to these sources of disease, are obliged to have recourse to "Dr. Baillie's breakfast bacon," and Mr. Abernethy's far-famed "page seventy-two." Air and exercise not only brace the stomach for the due discharge of its functions, but contribute to that natural state of the appetites which is favourable to temperance. The love of condiments and of recondite cookery is a supplement to a blunted sensibility; and when the jaded organ reacts upon the morbid stimulus of such substances, the desire for food ceases to be in a relation to the necessities of the constitution. The confinement of a town life is also usually accompanied by an excess of intellectual labour, and a harassing excitation of the passions. These, while they directly debilitate the stomach, exhaust the general frame, and occasion a craving for more food than can conveniently be digested. If aldermen are proverbial for their love of good living, professional and literary labourers are equally "huge feeders;" and those only who have felt the exhaustion of a hard day's exercise of the brain can appreciate the difficulty of abstaining from the indulgence which it invariably solicits. The influence of stay-at-home habits upon the vigour of the stomach, and upon general health, is rendered clear to demonstration in two facts:—first, that the ill-paid inmates of our factories are the victims of indigestion, maugre their enforced temperance; and secondly, that the common street beggars, who habitually consume large quantities of ardent spirits, show a strange resistance to epidemics, and (contrary to all general principles,) are as long-lived and healthy as other people.

To dyspeptics, therefore, we should say, take this article of diet, and avoid that, if experience proves the necessity of the observance; but if you wish to recover the tone of your stomach, rise from your down bed, leave your fire-side, walk, ride, inhale the sea-breeze, fly to the mountains—do this, and you may throw Dr. Robertson and Cornaro behind the fire, and eat toasted cheese like a Welshman.

Let us, however, not be mistaken. We partake not the sentiments of the man who, when told that he was destroying the coats of his stomach by excess, replied, "then may my stomach digest in its waistcoat." We are not writing for lunatics; and we presuppose that the *wardrobe* of the correcting organ should be complete. We are inclined to believe, indeed, that, in the first instance, the stomach is injured more by the labour it is forced to perform, after elaborate feasts, than by the specific qualities of the articles jumbled together; and that as many dyspeptics will be found among the simple gorgers of beef and mutton, as among the devotees of Ude and Kitchiner. The sedentary inhabitants of great towns, (however apparently abstemious,) for the most part, take more nourishment than nature requires; and those especially, who are "well to do in life," are rarely without some degree of indigestion, and demand for dinner pills. All that we maintain is, that a moderate indulgence in the various articles of food, which the bounty of nature has provided for man, would not be attended with the complicated ills of confirmed indigestion, if the constitution were not first impaired by harassing cares, sedentary habits, and the artificial confinement of a town life.

In the present condition of society, the opportunities of escaping from these evils are rare. The preservation of health is subordinated to the necessity of providing the means of subsistence. The shop and the counting-house must be attended, professions must be laboriously acquired, and practised with an heroic disregard for the non-naturals. Dyspepsia, therefore, follows in the wake of civilization, and facility of concoction must be consulted,

under pain of—every pain under heaven, from simple heartburn to the rack of gout. The stomach, thus becomes a favourite field of exploitation with quacks; and more pills are sold and swallowed to keep that organ in good humour, than for averting all the other ills which flesh is heir to. The science of dietetics is, consequently, a branch of medicine that is much written upon; but, strange to say, not with any proportionate dissemination of real knowledge. For the most part, the books on this subject contain little more than repetitions of old maxims—the results of a crude and empirical experience, rendered useless by the absence of sound generalization, founded on the approved doctrines of physiology; and this is the more to be regretted, because the world are more inclined to give in to an over-curious research after the properties of roast, and boiled, and fried, than to pursue the more troublesome courses which lead to health. *

If we are not wholly in error, the "sweet uses" of the bacon admit of a very different explanation. The result of healthy digestion is to produce in the food, a series of changes totally different from those which it would undergo, if placed under like circumstances of warmth and humidity, in a dead and unorganized receptacle. In the healthy stomach, the chemical laws cease to prevail; and the laws of living energy assume their place. But when digestion is weakened, and the stomach abates in the intensity of its living energy, these animal changes are slowly and imperfectly developed; and in the delay, chemical fermentation is substituted. Carrying this general fact in the memory, it will strike the least reflecting reader of ordinary experience, that an English breakfast of tea, sugar, milk, and bread, affords a mass especially prone to undergo spontaneous fermentation; and that, therefore, it must be ill-suited to a dyspeptic patient. Accordingly, we hold, that a small admixture of any animal matter will be serviceable, by checking the tendency of the mass to ferment; and it should seem, that the bacon possesses this advantage to a high degree. It is probable, likewise, that its sapid qualities may give a momentary tone to the organ, and, by hastening digestion, supersede the chemical action altogether. If this reasoning be correct, the reader will perceive that the specific digestibility of articles of diet will not alone determine their applicability to specific cases; but that the circumstances in which they are taken go for a great deal. Thence he may infer, generally, that without some knowledge of the laws of the living organization, disquisitions on diet must very often induce erroneous conclusions.

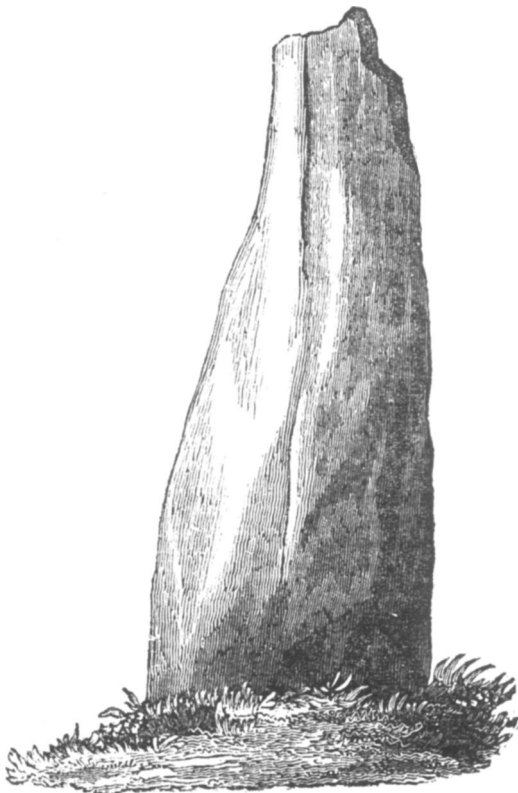
NOTES OF A TRAVELLER FROM ENNISKILLEN TO SLIGO.

As this is a district little known to the generality of travellers through Ireland, and of which we have not observed any mention in our Guide Books, we willingly insert the following hasty notes from the pen of a correspondent:—

Leaving Enniskillen, which is beautifully situated on an island in Lough Erne, we passed by Portora, an endowed school, situated on a hill about half a mile from the town, and then came in view of almost the greatest part of the lake and its islands. The Marquis of Ely's, first in style of grandeur, is well worth the notice of travellers; and the adjacent mountains, on the other side, demand admiration. Castle Archdale, (General Archdale's,) Rosfad, (Major Richardson's,) and Rockfield, (Captain Irvine's,) are so picturesque on the opposite side of the lake, as to attract the attention of all who pass. A little further on, you get a view of some beautiful and large islands covered with woods, and Castle Caldwell, the old and romantic seat of Sir John Caldwell. After passing this, you come in sight of Belleek Town and Rose Isle—the extraordinary waterfall here is well worth spending an hour to admire. Further advancing, you have an extensive prospect of the mountains on either side, as far as Sligo. Passing by Camlin, (John Thredennicks, Esq.) and Cherry Mount, (J. Forbes's,) you have an opening of the town of Ballyshannon, pleasantly situated on a rising hill, with a bridge over the Erne—the infantry barracks on the north, and the artillery on the south side. Immediately after crossing the bridge, you get a view of the Salmon Leap,

which is generally visited by tourists, and is hardly to be surpassed in any country. We now come to Portnason, a poor, neglected village—at one end of which is a handsome house, the residence of the late Mr. Allingham. Further on, you have a view of Ward Town, an old mansion, late the residence of General Folliott; and on the other side, you come in contact with Glenade and Dartary mountains. Advancing a mile, there opens an extensive view of Bundoran, formerly a place of little note, but now become of great importance as a fashionable watering place, where several hot and cold baths are established, and new buildings are being erected every day. We could not but admire, from the top of the hill, the beautiful lodge of Colonel Johnston, formerly Lord Enniskillen's; and the extensive views you have from it—the large romantic mountains behind, and the opposite side, across the bay, from Donegal to Mountcharles, St. John's Point, the light-house, and Teeling, commands the admiration of all who delight in the picturesque. At the half-way house is Mullaughmore, the estate of Lord Palmerston, where a grand pier is erected for the safety of vessels, and the village is progressing into some notice. After passing this, you have an extensive view of Sir Booth Gore's estate, and his tenantry happily and comfortably settled under an indulgent landlord—their cottages are handsome and neat. We now enter Sligo, with the situation of which the generality of your readers must be well acquainted.

J. V.



DRUID'S ALTAR.

SIR.—In your third volume, page 340, will be found an account of the Rath of Mullimast, within about fifty perches of which is now standing a stone, popularly called, "The Druid's Altar"—one of those monuments of antiquity, that are pretty common in this and the sister country. In its general form it is nearly round, tapering to the top, and appears to have ended fork-like originally; this part, however, is now broken off. It is of that kind of stone usually termed mountain granite, and must have been brought from a distance of some miles, as no similar stone, or quarry, is to be found nearer. When the dimensions are considered, being eleven feet and a half long, (five feet of the largest end in the ground,) and averaging seven feet in circumference, we are surprised how it could be carried to its present situation, when the

want of roads at the time is considered, and that the country was then undrained. It may be questioned, whether even now, enlightened as we are, and possessing the many advantages we do over the people who first raised this stone, we would not, with a similar task before us, meet difficulties nearly insurmountable?

There is a tradition in the neighbourhood, that this stone was *rolled* from a place about seven miles off, and that each sept was obliged to roll it over its own possessions; be this as it may, it is a curious circumstance, that many of the places through which it might have passed, bear some allusion, in their ancient names, to the fall or rolling of a stone. In England, we frequently hear the names of such stones called with the addition of *roll*, as Roll-wright, near Chipping-norton, and Roll-baston, near Cannock Church in Staffordshire; and the common people in Oxfordshire generally call them Roll-rich stones. There is also a parish in the last-mentioned place, called Rollwright, from a circle of such stones being situated therein.

What purpose those stones were originally intended for is not now easily known; indeed, it may have been, that they were as much a mystery at the erection of our far-famed round towers, as the towers themselves are now to us. It is asserted by some writers, that they were the marks by which different chieftains knew the bounds of their possessions. Campion mentions, that long before our era, Ireland was divided into five parts, between five princes, and that "for better contentation of all sides, they agreed to fix a *meave-stone* in the middle point of Ireland, to which stone every of their kingdoms should extend." Other authors think they were erected at the confirmation of some important compact between the people; and Dr. Charleton, along with many others, suppose them to be set up as trophies of some great victory. Dr. Plot says they were the places where the clans assembled to elect their chiefs; and he is supported in this opinion by Spencer, in his *View of Ireland*, in 1596. "It is the custom," says he, "amongst all the Irish, that presently after the death of any of their chiefe lords or captaines, they doe presently assemble themselves to a place generally appointed and knowne unto them, to choose another in his steed;" and "they use to place him that shall be captaine upon a stone always reserved for that purpose, and placed commonly on a hill, whereon hee standing, receives an oath to preserve all the auncient former customes of the country inviolable." The old historian Wormius, tells us, that in Denmark, from time immemorial, there was a stone, or sometimes an area encompassed with stones, designed for the coronation of the kings, which had a hill near, from which the new-crowned king gave laws, and showed himself to the people. His words are—"Area saxis undique cincta coronationi regum deputata vicinum habet Collem, cui coronatus jam insistebat jura populo daturus, et omnibus conspiciendum se prebiturus."—*Ol. Wormii Monu. Danic. lib. 1, cap. 5.*

However, I believe, the general opinion is, that they were Druidical altars, where sacrifices were offered, and, possibly, at which laws were made, and criminals punished. To support this opinion it is asserted, that the religion of the Druids was introduced from the East; and we have the testimony of many writers, that it was customary for the easterners to attach peculiar sanctity to unhewn stones. Pausanius says, "That *unhewn stones* had the honour of gods, and were worshipped among the Grecians; and that near the statue of Mercury, there were thirty large stones, which the people worshipped, and gave to every one of them the name of a god." Tyrius states, "That he scarcely knew what God the Arabians worshipped, for that which he saw amongst them was only a *white stone*." Herodian, in describing the worship of the Phenicians, says, "They had no kind of image but a *great stone*, round at the bottom, and lessening by degrees towards the top."—*Herodiani Historiar. lib. 5, p. 14.* And Peter della Valle, in his *Travels in India*, mentions, "That there was a famous temple at Ahmedabad, wherein was no other image but a *column of stone*, after a pyramidal form, which they call Mahadeu, signifying, in their language, God."

Now, that the islands of Britain were acquainted with